

What did you say? by HeyGoodLookin

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Summary:

Mike had it all planned. He was going to say it over a romantic dinner and it would be perfect.

Oops.

Aka: Mike let's the L word slip.

What did you say?

Author's Note:

Shameless fluff for y'all!!!

So sorry I haven't been posting all that often. I found out my mom has a huge brain tumour and is needing surgery soon so life's been a bit CRAZY for me. Anyway... I found time to write this little fluff.

Hope y'all enjoy!

"You're doing that thing again," El glanced up from her copy of Alice in Wonderland to find Mike staring at her.

"What thing?" Mike shook himself, flushing deep red.

El giggled slightly. "That thing where you look like you're memorizing me."

"I am," Mike replied quietly. "Sometimes I just want to make sure you're really here."

"I'm here," El put her book down and smiled. "Is that what you're worried about? Losing me?"

Mike stared into El's eyes for a moment and let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd be holding. "Yeah— I mean, kind of... but not, like, right now. I'm not worried about that right now," Mike tried to form a full sentence. *Nice one, Wheeler*, he practically groaned. *You're literally the biggest goober.*

"Then why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like you're worried," El answered swiftly, shifting closer to Mike instinctively.

"I'm not worried," Mike tried, hoping to avoid further questioning.

El bowed her head ever so slightly. "Friends don't lie. I know you're

worried. I don't like it when you worry. I worry you too much."

"No!" Mike cried, stopping El's anxious train of thought. "No, no, no. You don't worry me. You're not doing anything wrong! I'm not worried about you I'm worried... about me."

"About you?" El lifted her head again, confused.

"Yeah," Mike paused, unsure of how to continue. "I mean, I'm not exactly a prize and you're gonna be starting school with us soon and you're gonna meet all kinds of new people that are way cooler than me and I'm worried... I guess I'm worried you deserve better."

"No," El replied abruptly. "I don't want anyone else but you, Mike."

"You say that now," Mike didn't know where to look. God, he hadn't expected to talk about his insecurities in such detail. "It's just, maybe you'll realize that I really don't have anything to offer you. Like, I'm not a hunk. I'm not popular or cool or trendy. I'm in the choir for fucks' sake. In the fourth grade I was the president of the chess club. And you know who was in it? Me and Lucas."

"So?" El didn't understand Mike's problem.

"So," Mike took a deep breath. "The point is literally every other guy at school would be able to offer you more. You're so amazing and beautiful, El, and I wish... I wish I could give you more, you know? I mean, you're probably gonna get bullied for hanging out with me. I wish I could stop that from happening. You're so incredible, El, and when you love someone you're supposed to care for them. You're supposed to be able to offer them more than what I can. I'm a nerd, El."

"I don't care," El replied before he eyes widened in realization. "Mike?"

"Yeah?" Mike made to hand El her book back, but she pressed it back down into the bed. "You love me?" El looked up at Mike, heart thumping wildly.

Mike felt his face get hot as his previous words dawned on him. *When you love someone...* Mike repeated his own words in his head. *God*

damnit, his shoulders slouched forward in defeat. This was not the way he had planned on saying it. In his mind, he had set aside a day when they'd go for a picnic and he'd bring eggos and cokes and he'd hold her hand and say it softly with a kiss. Mike definitely hadn't planned on it literally slipping out in the middle of a conversation. He wanted it to be special.

"Mike?" El didn't know what to make of his silence. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"Upset me?" Mike took one of El's hands in his own. "I'm not upset. I'm just... mad at myself."

"Why?"

"Because," Mike took another deep breath. "Because I'd planned it all differently. I was supposed to say that in a special way. You know, with candles and a dinner and—"

"Mike?" El tried to hold back a giggle. "You're worrying again."

"I know," Mike sighed. "It's a thing that I do."

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you too."

And then Mike felt like he was floating off the bed. Or maybe he was. They were holding hands after all and El—well, she had the ability. "You love me?" Mike's eyes widened as El inched closer to him.

"Of course," El breathed, her face close to his own, he could see flecks of gold in her hasel eyes.

"W-wow," Mike didn't know what to say. He wanted to say something but nothing seemed to be quiet right so he decided on a non-verbal conformation. He pressed his lips lightly against El's brought his hand to cup her cheek, thumb brushing along her jaw.

They pulled apart, eyes wide with overwhelming shock and

adoration.

“You don’t have to worry, Mike,” El beamed. “I love nerds.”

Author’s Note:

I'm thinking of taking prompt requests?